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MOTHER, HOME, HEAVEN, JESUS.

By J. H. Daw

1

MOTHER! Name that ever brings
Tend'rest thoughts of human love,
Welling up from hidden springs,
Nestling down from heights above:
Mem'ries, like a rising sea,
Flood my heart, mine eyes bedew,
Mingling tears and prayers to be
Like my Mother, pure and true.

2

HOME! What glowing visions rise!
Childhood, youth, the bud and bloom;
Earth reflecting radiant skies,
Days and nights that knew no gloom:
Hearts whose fibres interwove,
Binding each in warm embrace,
Lips whose only law was love:
These made Home a happy place.

3

HEAV'N! How shall I reach thy height!
Paint the rest, the joy, the peace,
Fadeless beauty, shadeless light,
Pure, eternal blessedness.
All that's good, and bright, and fair,
Friends from Earth we loved the best,
Home and Mother, all are there;
Heav'n be my eternal rest!

4

JESUS! Glory, Honor, Praise,
To thy precious Name be giv'n!
Name that crowns with matchless grace,
Saint and Angel, Earth and Heav'n.
Yet, were all thy love has bought,
Save Thyself, on me bestowed,
Mother, Home and Heav'n were naught,
Naught, without my Saviour-God.

Norfolk, Va., Mar. 1, 1880.

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